TEMPLE-MISS CORELLI. London, November 25. The end of the Herschell incident is not yet. That portentous Radical resolution of censure upon the Lord Chancellor was duly sent to Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone has now made answer. He is, it must be confessed, in an awkward position. He cannot sacrifice his Lord Chancellor. He cannot say to his Radical supporters in so many words that they are meddling with matters which do not concern them, and doing their best to debase politics and the county magistracy together. To sacrifice his Lord Chancellor would be a departure from every honorable tradition of public life, and of Mr. Gladstone's own life. To use the language of Truthful James to Mr. Storey and Mr. Halley Stewart would be to provoke fresh discontent among those who are sufficiently discontented already. These gentlemen are so little governed by reason and so much by passion that none can say at what point discontent might flame out into open mutiny.

The more difficult the dilemma, however, the more conspicuous is Mr. Gladstone's adroitness in what one of his Radical supporters rudely calls egy-dances. His letter to the rebellious Radicals is, in its own kind, a masterplece. He avoids taking issue with them on any vital point. He sympathizes with their anxious desire to liberalize the county bench, if not to radicalize it. He regrets the delay in giving effect to the resolution of the House of Commons. But he pleads for indulgence to Lord Herschell on the score of the multifarious duties he has to perform. He promises that no "absolute defer-" shall be paid to the recommendations of the Lord Lieutenants-a very safe promise. The sentence in which this pledge is embodied deserves quoting as a specimen of Mr. Gladstone's unequalled power of seeming to say something when, in fact, he says nothing and promise nothing of the least practical value:

"If, as is plain, no absolute deference can be properly paid by the Lord Chancellor to the Lord Lieutenant, there is no other individual in the several places to whom such deference can be paid, and some of those who have presumptively a good title to recommend might perhaps be surprised at the new view taken of their recommendations in some instances by others also vested with a presumptive title to speak."

Finally, he hopes his observations will be received "with indulgence."

They were not. They were received by the General Purposes Committee of the Radical party in a spirit of austere dissatisfaction. They were resented, very much as Lord Herschell's plain statement-very much plainer than Mr. Gladstone's-was resented. A reply was resolved on and a committee appointed to draft it; of which not only Mr. Storey and other Radical respectabilities were members, but Sir Charles Dilke. He it is who now appears as an adviser in matters relating to the administration of justice. He it is who, conjointly with his fellow Radicals, lectures Mr. Gladstone-there is no other word for it-on the proper composition of the county magistracy. The tone of the letter is peremptory, impatient, dictatorial. "We are of opinion," "we say," "we put on record the foilowing statement,"-such are the terms in which obscure or discredited items of the extreme left wing of the Gladstonian party address Mr. They take no notice of his plea of want of

They warn him that Lord Lieutenants must no longer, or seldom, be consulted. They down seven rules to govern his future action in the appointment of county magistrates, and Lord Herschell's future action. I need not trouble you with the seven rules. They may be wise or unwise, reasonable or unreasonable, framed for the general interest or framed to suit Radical views. What is significant is that gentlemen' of this party and of this stamp should conceive themselves in a position to lay down the law to their leader. If you read be tween the lines of this amazing letter it amounts to a declaration that on these conditions the Radicals will continue to support Mr. Gladstone; otherwise they will withdraw their support. It is a menace. The tone is that of men who know their power to ruin if not to rule. I don't believe they should venture to use it at all is a sign of

Mr. Cecil Rhodes adds to his other qualificato organize a new province or two of the Empire, little to open up a new country, to fight a ccessful campaign, to overthrow the last great barbarous potentate in that part of the world; little to win the confidence of the City of London and the joint eulogy of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Balfour. The true success of Mr. Rhodes's life was attained when he attracted the attention of Mr. Labouchere and became a topic in the columns of the weekly society journal which Mr. Labouchere, in his moments of leisure from legislation, edits.

Mr. Rhodes does not seem to understand why Mr. Labouchere, whom he declares he never saw, should attack him. That only proves that a man may be capable of governing South Africa but not of fathoming the intellectual diosyncrasy of the Member from Northampton and editor of a society journal. Or, possi-bly, Mr. Rhodes's ignorance is feigned for rhetorical purposes He may, in spite of his disclaimer, be aware that Mr. Labouchere is an eminent practitioner of that school who hold that the public man is the natural prey of the journalist, Mr. Labouchere, like Death, loves a shining mark. He loves also to mix politics with finance and finance with politics, and Mr. Rhedes's eminence in both made him an irresixtible temptation, and a target. The answer which Mr. Rhodes now addresses to Mr. Labouchere is as good an answer as need be. It comes at a moment when the financial iniquities of which he is accused have just been approved by the shareholders who were represented as Mr. Rhoder's victims; when his political offence have been applauded by the two most emigent politicians in the House of Commons; and when his enemy in Africa is a dethroned fugitive. In all these circumstances Mr. Labouchere sees only new matter for invective. The successes of the man he thought to destroy are fresh crimes; his mere survival is an outrage; by the shareholders who were represented as fresh crimes; his mere survival is an outrage; and he has now committed the unforgivable offence of laughing at his accuser.

The latest panegyric upon Mr. Gladstone proeds from a Conservative pen, that of Sir Richard Temple, who has published a book on "Life in Parliament." Sir Richard is one of those Asiatic proconsuls who return to England effer a long term of honorable service, and too often find life in the mother country a disappointment. They are seldom, perhaps never, quite such great men here as they are in India. The conditions are different; the abilities which were in request for the rule of a subject people at a discount in a land of self-governed s; the competition is greater and the op-

ne of them, nevertheless, attain to a good lichard Temple is one. If he be not an oracle in the House of Commons he is sometimes listened to, and there are topics on which he speaks with authority. In search of a larger audience, he publishes a book of interest. All books on Parliament by members of Parliament are of interest; they give you the inside view. Sir Richard's style is perhaps a little too amblicus; reminding the reader of an Indian Minute or other State.

Oriental luxuriance amid which he lived so long This last it may be which leads him to extol what he calls the poetic passages in this Gladstone's oratory; in which the poetic quality is almost wholly wanting.

It was said of, or perhaps, by Miss Corelli-and if by her it may well enough have been said triumphantly-that no one of her books had ever been praised by any journal or critic of high standing. Triumphantly because she has, if this assertion be true, won her way to the position she occupies by the unaided efforts of her own talents. If in truth she is content with her position, or, perchance, proud of it, this freedom from obligation to others may add to her selfsatisfaction. There have been authors before now who found a public, and a very large public, without help from the critics. The penny dreadfuls and shilling shockers have owed nothing to criticism, yet have attained, some of them, an immense circulation. Few of them went lower than Miss Corelli in their search for the materials of popularity; few had less in common with literature; some have had many more readers than she; none has helped to gauge more accurately the incompetence of the unaided reading public to form a sound judgment on a book which undertakes to be sensational. I should imagine that Miss Corelli might have formed her mind and her style upon much reading of Archdeacon Farrar.

Among her admirers is another less eminent ecclesiastic. It is probable that the climax of modern English criticism has been reached in the verdict of Canon Wilberforce upon Miss Corelli's "Barabbas." This is the climax:

"My verdict on 'Barabbas' is that it is a very high-minded and powerful effort to revivify by the legitimate use of the imagination a time honored history by depolarizing it from the conventionality in which it had become crystallized." Not often has any critic contrived to indicate so fully in a single sentence his literary and critical and even his scientific qualifications for the G. W. S. judgment he announces.

THE CHANGE OF A POSTAL RULE URGED.

WHY AN OLD OFFICIAL THINKS THAT LETTERS BEARING NO STAMP SHOULD BE FORWARDED.

A reform which is urged by certain postal officials of long experience is the rescinding of the rule that letters on which the postage has not been prepaid shall be detained. This country and Canada alone cling to this regulation, of all the countries in the Postal Union. For a time such letters were sent to the Dead Letter Office, from which a notice was mailed to the addressee that the letter would be forwarded to him on the receipt of the postage. Now, however, the letter is returned to the sender, if it bear his name on the envelope; if it does not, the customary notice goes to the person addressed. nearly a week before the notice reaches him; then no use to him when he gets it. If first-class matter

no use to him when he gets it. If first-class matter bears only a 1-cent stamp, it is treated as if it had none. Of course, if it has a 2-cent stamp and that is not enough, the letter is forwarded, the shortage being collected at the other end.

"People probably underestimate the number of letters mailed in this city which bear no stamp, said an old postal official, "Over 2,000 are received here each week for out-of-town places alone which do not have the sender's address on the envelope. The entire number not prepaid is much larger. Of course carelessness is to blame for it all, but the postofice strives to save correspondents from the just penalty of their dereliction.

"It may happen, even in New-York, that a man cannot buy a stamp. The nearest agency may be some distance away, and at night these are closed. A person would not want to go all the way down to the General Postofice after 10 p. m., and yet be anxious that his letter go out in the early morning mail. He would be giad in many cases to have the addresse pay the postage. Then there are persons who haven't the pennies with which to buy stamps, and they might want to write to friends or relatives who would willingly pay the postage.

"Of course some abuses of the privilege would."

write to friends or relative.

"Of course some abuses of the privilege would arise. It might seem that beggars would take wholesule advantage of it. But no man would give alms in consequence of a letter on which he had to pay the postage himself, and the begging public would appreciate this fact. If the rule were changed I do not believe the number of letters malled without stamps would increase much. In England postage is prepaid on all but a small fraction of 1 per cent of the letters sent by post."

SQUIRRELS IN THE PARK.

THE MAN THEY LOVE. What excessively nervous animal is capable of lith? A chipmunk or a squirrel. You would think from the way in which a squirrel scampers from you upon the first intimation of your approach that your footfell gives that he was provided tensely still he stands after he has fled ten or fif-Mr. Cecil Rhodes adds to his other qualifica-tions for public life a sense of humor. He has just been explaining to a delighted South African rels by simply gazing at them, without moving a audience the secret of his success in life, or, at | muscle, and has finally had to end the spell through least, of his world-wide renown. The secret is sheer lack of time and patience. It must be fright that chains the little creatures to the ground when they hear a foreign sound; yet everybody knows little to be Prime Minister of Cape Colony, little

In Central Park, where the squirrels flourish in a way to put the proverbial tree to shame, the same ones that are thrown into a panic by one man are the willing friends of another, an elderly soul who loves to idle among the trees and play with their furry inhabitants. In different parts of the Park he finds his pets and feeds them out of a store of nuts and other dainties he carries in his pockets. Sometimes he is sitting on the turf and half a dozen aquirrels are hopping about his arms and knees. At another moment, when he is standing upright, a few of them will be at his feet and one or two will be contentedly flirting toeir tails from his shoulder, looking down at the leas adventurous fellows as though they had found a new kind of tree and were encouraging their companions to climb up and taste the fruit that seems to walk right into their nibbling muzzles. While the groundlings hesitate a stranger comes along the path nearby, with perhaps a slightly too ponderous tread-and off they so as though shot from a gun, only to stop and blink helplessly in the usual fashion. The heroes on the shoulders of their friend will sometimes take what is nearly a flying lean for the nearest tree-trunk. This is one of the pretty sights that the man sees who is fortunate enough to live near Central Park and can contrive a walk there in the morning on his way downtown. He sees other picturesque things, to say nothing of the landscape and the pretty girls taking their morning gallop with their fathers or an instructor from one of the riding schools. The ducks and awans are delightful when they are taking their early bath, and the latter are still more so when they are alseep on the water with wings tightly folded and long serpentine necks curied up almost out of sight. They look like elongated snowballs. In the winter they once in a while get frozen in over night, and you will see them, half a dozen at a time, patiently waiting for one of the Pirk guardians to push out in a little skiff to whire the leas caked about them and liberate the n with an oar. same ones that are thrown into a panie by one man are the willing friends of another, an elderly soul

From The Island County (Wash.) Times.

A WOMAN TRAMP.

From The Visalia (Cal.) Delta. From The Visalia (Cal.) Delta.

Constable English and Deputy Toomey received word recently that four or five tramps were having a merry old time in Goshen, and they were requested to go out and arrest the "hobox." They brought the tramps back to this city, and one of them was a woman, who gave her name as Mrs. King. She is a woman about thirty years of age.

Mrs. King said she was trying to beat her way to Texas, where she has relatives. She said that she and her husband lived in Tacoma, but they had agreed to separate. She is not a bad-looking woman, and appears to be very well educated, but her mode of travel has given her a vernacular peculiar to tramps. woman, and appears to be very wen cutacted, our her mode of travel has given her a vernacular peculiar to tramps.

She is dressed in a black alpaca, which looks very shabby, and has a valise in which she states is better clothes. She beats her way by every possi-ble means—sometimes in box-cars and often on the blind baggage of a passenger train.

STILL ROOM FOR ENLIGHTENMENT

From The Chicago Tribune.

THE COMMERCIAL NAVIES OF THE WORLD

STORY OF A GREAT WATERWAY-REMARKABLE ENGINEERING FEATS-A SERIOUS RIVAL TO LIVERPOOL.

CAN ENTER THE COTTON CAPITAL.

That philosopher who sapiently observed the beneficence of Providence in causing a large river to flow past every considerable city must surely have overlooked Manchester. True, there "inky Irwell." And geographically the Irwell is a river. It certainly is not, however, a large river, not even geographically; while in no other sense is it a river at all. Manchester thus is, or has been until to-day, an inland city. It has traded with the uttermost ends of the earth, but has boasted no yawning docks and bristling mast forests. Instead it has paid tribute to Liverpool, to the carter and to the cidedly the greatest artificial waterway in the

Paper; or perhaps it is but a reflection of the MANCHESTER NOW A PORT. tidal, and is twenty-one miles long, extending from Eastham to a little above Warrington. Then a huge set of locks raises it sixteen and a alf feet, and at that level it runs seven and a half miles further, to Irlam. The second set of COMPLETION OF THE CANAL. locks raises it sixteen feet, to the third reach, which is only two miles long. The third locks, at Barton, raise it fifteen feet, to the fourth reach. Finally, three and a quarter miles further on, the fourth locks raise it thirteen feet, to the fifth and last reach, which is only a mile and three-quarters long and which leads to 114 acres of docks, artificially constructed between Manchester and Salford. Locks at the Eastham end will keep the first or tidal reach at the level of the highest spring tides. The minimum depth of water in the canal will be twenty-six feet, and it can be increased at any time to twentyeight. The minimum width at the bottom is 120 and at the top 170 feet. It is of interest to note that the Suez Canal is only 26 feet deep and 72 feet wide at the bottom, the Amsterdam Canal 23 feet deep and 89 feet wide, and the Corinth Canal 26 feet deep and 72 feet wide. The Panama Canal was intended to be from 27 to 29 feet deep and from 72 to 79 feet wide. The Manchester Canal thus ranks in these dimensions as de-



MANCHESTER TOWN HALL.

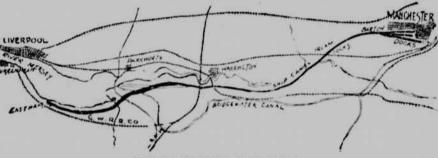
a work of vast importance, but it is almost entirely unique. Unlike the canals of Suez and Corinth, and those projected at Nicaragua and across Schleswig-Holstein, it is no highway of to convert one inland city into a shipping port. Now Amsterdam is a port by virtue of a canal mercial greatness to the work of engineers; but that work was merely the enlarging of natural waterways already long in use. None of these is setting to Paris, to the "quaint old town of are now mooting the question of ship canals

There was, as has been said, an old canal from Manchester to the Mersey, built first to Leigh, as long ago as 1761. It was made by the Duke of Bridgewater, to convey coal from his mines to the factories of Manchester and Sal-

railroad; in a measure, too, for many years to | world. Each group of locks consists of two or a little old-fashioned ditch called a canal, now three, side by side, of different sizes, the largest forgot forever beside the noble stream that in each group being 690 feet long and 70 to 80 engineering artifice has brought within its feet wide, affording room for the largest ocean steamships. The time required for a ship to The Manchester ship canal is not only thus traverse the entire length of the canal will be

about ten hours The engineering problems involved in the work of construction were noteworthy chiefly for their magnitude. Nearly 50,000,000 cubic commerce from sen to sen. Its purpose is solely | yards of earth and stone were to be excavated. more than one-fifth being solid rock. A sub ilong the entire route on one side, and for nearly half the way on the other side. On this were run enormous "land dredges," like dredgingcows on wheels. From these long arms ex endless chains of shovels and scoops, which operated solely by steam power, dug up and Bruges,"and to many other inland capitals that | carried away the earth and gravel. For remov ing the excavated matter no less than 170 loco enough to equip an extensive railroad system.

Besides excavation, there was a vast amount etc. In these works nearly 1,500,000 cubic yards of concrete were used. Four great railroad ford. It was a narrow, shallow thing, giving bridges cross the canal, at a clear height of



THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

profit to all concerned. And then a few years ago the Manchester Ship Canal bought it for nearly \$9,000,000. Railroads, too, were built, the thus the gateway of the former. It was largely, indeed, this business of conveying and purvey ing to Manchester that made Liverpool the great port it is to-day. The hundreds of acres of dock along the Mersey were made to give facility for the receiving of raw goods for the Manchester mills and for reshipping the finished product to all the lands of the globe. This was a great thing for Liverpool, and for the railroad folk. But in these later days of narrow margins and close competition it was a serious handicap to Manchester. The rehandling of goods-cotton, grain, wool, timber-and transportation by towboat or by rail cost from \$2 to \$4 on every ton. This was a tax too heavy to be borne, if Manchester was to maintain its manufacturing supremacy. So a dozen years ago men said, "Manchester must be joined with the sea; and since we cannot take Manchester to the sea, we must bring the sea to Manchester."

It may well be believed this scheme did not please the Liverpudlians. They rose against it as one man, heart, voice and purse; they and the railroad companies. One would have thought the safety of the Kingdom was at stake. They gave the great American engineer, Captain Eads, a retainer of \$20,000, and none knows how many or how big refreshers, and hired a whole army more of engineers, to go to London and argue against the scheme before Parliamentary committees. Nor was Manchester a laggard in the fight. It presented its case backed by thirty-eight municipal corporations, ninety-one local boards, thirty-one chambers of commerce, and companies and firms and landowners innumerable. For not only were Manchester and Salford interested, but also Bolton and Rochdale and Stockport and Huddersfield, and all the tributary country roundabout. The first attempt to get a charter cost the canal folk \$200,000; and failed. The second attempt cost them \$400,000; and likewise falled. The third attempt cost \$400,000; and, to vindicate the old wives' proverb, was successful, The undertaking was sanctioned by the Government in the summer of 1885, after a fight of four years at nearly \$500,000 a year on both sides. Even then delays and controversies ensued for two years more, so that not until 1887 was the work actually begun, with Barings and the Rothschilds furnishing the cash and Thomas Walker furnishing the brains.

The route chosen for the canal was thirty-five and a half miles long, from a point near Eastham, on the Cheshire or southern side of the Mersey, to Manchester. It followed the shore of the Mersey as far as Runcorn, and then pursued an independent route, crossing the Mersey and the Irwell several times before reaching Manchester. The country there is fairly level, but it was found that Manchester stood about seventy feet higher than Liverpool; wherefore it would be needful to have several locks in the canal. For this purpose the whole canal was divided into five levels, or reaches. The first in Mersey, to Manchester. It followed the shore of

a way only for the humble taxboat. Yet it was I seventy-five feet above the water, and seven other bridges have been built for other roads. But the most extraordinary bridge of all is at Barton, where the old Bridgewater canal crosses it. There is a difference of twenty-eight feet in the levels of the two canals at this point. Ing names illustrious and even historical. Among unless by a most claborate and costly system of locks, and the smaller one was not high enough | de Castel-Bagne and the Cemte de Beaumont. above the larger to allow vessels to pass under it. The engineers therefore decided upon the novel and daring expedient of a drawbridge in an aqueduct. A massive bridge was therefore constructed, with a vast central span turning on a pivot in midstream of the lower canal. When the draw is opened to allow ships to pass, gates are closed at each end of this span, and it is then turned inst as an ordinary draw. t is then turned just as an ordinary draw-The most striking feature of all, however, was

the army of men employed, varying in number from 11,000 to 15,000. These lived in regular vil-lages, built for them along the line. Pleasant,

who might be dependent upon him was set on foot.

For 600 years Manchester has been the centre of textile manufacturing, and has been the theatre of the great inventions of Kay, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright and their fellow-laborers. Now it is surrounded by a circle of tributary cities, Bolton, Oldham, Stockport, Hyde, Ashton, Macclesileld, Staly-bridge—technically mere towns, but really great, wealthy and populous cities. The Town Hall of Manchester is the largest municipal building in the world, and one of the handsomest; and of Manchester is the largest municipal building in the world, and one of the handsomest; and in parks, art galleries, public libraries and similar features Manchester takes high rank among the great cities of the Oid World. Such it has come to be as an inland city. To-day it becomes a scaport, and one of the four or five most populous in the world, with a future promise and potentiality beyond all reckoning.

TRANSIENT ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC. From The San Francisco Examiner,

TOPICS IN PARIS

A PROTESTANT WEDDING - THE SOCIAL SEASON CANNOT BE LENGTHENED-THE RACES-DUCHESS GAL-LIERA'S BEQUESTS-THE CASTLE OF MONTE

CRISTO FOR SALE.

Parls, November 24.

So inclement has been the weather during the last few days that the annual exodus of the great world to the Riviera has already commenced, and among those who are leaving these days for the South, not to return until spring, are the Princess de Sagan, the Dowager Duchess of Luynes, the Marquise de Gallifet, the Countess of Reculot, and last, but not least, the popular Countess Edmond de Pourtales, whose son Jacques was married on Monday last, The name of Pourtales is so well known on both sides of the Atlant'e that it may interest American readers to know that the new Countess, a daughter of Count Roger de Monbrison, is a tall, handsome girl with beautiful, expressive eyes, a face full of character, and a lovely complexion. Like her husband, she is a Protestant, and the wedding ceremony took place at the Protestant Church in the Avenue de la Grande Armee. There were many Americans present at the ceremony, including Mrs. and Miss Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. William Moore, Mrs. Austin Lee and Mrs. Ridgway. Owing to the importance of the position which the Comtesse de Pourtales occupies in Parisian society, and to her generally acknowledged supremacy-a supremacy that dates from the days of the Empire-tout Paris flocked to the church, and afterward to the Monbrison mansion in the Avenue de Jena to offer their congratulations to the young couple, and at the same time to obtain a glimpse of the superb wedding presents, which included a vast quantity of jewelry and plate, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia being represented by a lovely cigarette case of jade with the cipher and coronet of their Imperial Highnesses in diamonds. The Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as the Count and Countess of Paris, and, indeed, all the members of the House of Orleans, sent tokens of the regard and the affection for the man who used to be known in London by the name of "Little Pourtales," while the magnificent silver gilt salver sent by the Princess Metternich from Vienna was especially admired. The young couple have gone to Algeria for their wedding trip, and propose to rejoin the Count's mother at Cannes shortly after the New Year. From the number of departures for the South it will be seen that the joint efforts of

the Municipal Council and of the jockey club to prolong the Paris season by four months, causing it to extend from September to June, instead of merely from March to June, have resuited in failure. The projectors of this scheme did not take into consideration the inclement weather which is now rendering life here a burden to the inhabitants, and under the circumstances it is not unlikely that the newly inaugurated autumn Grand Prix, for which the Conseil Municipal voted 100,000 francs, will be abandoned. Meanwhile the Conseil Municipal has turned its attention to the racetrack of the Steeplechase Society at Autonil. The course is one of the most difficult in Europe, and the ob stacles so dangerous that scarcely a single to man or beast. Indeed, so numerous have the serious accidents been there since the opening of the steeplechase racing season this autumn that the Municipal Council has passed a resolution providing for the modification of the obstacles, which it has the power of doing, seeing that it not only controls the course as ground landlord, but also that it assigns every year a large sum of money for use as prizes to the winners of the races. Possibly it is owing to the element of increased danger and conequent excitement offered by the course at Auteuil that the races there possess so great an attraction for ladies. The fact remains that the Prince de Sagan, who is the presiding genius of the place, always manages to have a large crowd of mondaines there for each meeting. and among those whom I noticed there on Sunday last were the Countess de la Redorte the Princess de Tarente, the Countess de la Roche-Fontenilles, Mme. de Tanlay, Mrs. Ridg-

Reche-Fentenilles, Mme. de Tanlay, Mrs. Ridsway and the Duchess of Ayen. They were all wrapped up in furs and seemed to appreciate the coke fires that blazed in great braziers at various spots in the paddock.

While on the subject of sporting matters it may be worth noting that the Comte Gustave de Juigne, one of the best-known club and racing men in Paris, has been elected to the precidency of the Societe Hippique Francaise, which organizes the annual Horse Show that inaugurates the Parisian season each spring. The association is a very exclusive body, its members being, every one of them, great landowners and horse breeders, most of them bearing names fliustrious and even historical. Among them need only be mentioned those of Prince (TArenberg, the Duke de Virente, the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president of the corporation was the Marquis de Castel-Basas and the Cente de Beaumont. The Comte de Juigne's predecessor as president in the corporation was the Marquis de Cas

from 11,000 to 15,000. These lived in regular villages, built for them along the line. Pleasant, well-furnished wooden houses were provided for the men and their families, and in each village there were a chapel, a hospital, a school and a reading-room, with ministers, doctors and teachers, all provided by the liberal contractor. It was an extraordinary social phenomenon, this sudden gathering of a myriad of men, many of them with families, to live and work together for a few years, and then be scattered back again to all parts of the country. They were, on the whole, a sober, orderly set, with much natural gentlemaniliness. While the work was in progress, thousands of visitors, many of them ladies, visited the scene of operations, and they received nothing but courteous attention from the navvies. If, says an observer, a lady were mear a muddy place the odds were great but that, in a careless sort of way, the laborer threw a plank over the soft ground. The missionary and the harborer of the navvy tell of many acts of kindness on his part. If a panniless comrade looking for work appeared among them, his appeal, though unspoken, was never in vain. A levy was made to supply him with inamediate relief, and if it were at all possible the "ganger" took him in the ranks. If a poor man were mained or killed—as too often happened—an instant and substantial collection for any one who might be dependent upon him was set on foot.

For 600 years Manchester has been the she died, however, it was found that, while her will provided for the completion of the museum at a cost of 7,000,000 frames, she had bequeathed the entire art collection dertined for exhibition there, not to the city of Paris, but to her husband's native city of Genoa. Our municipality therefore found itself saddled with a superb palace, so constructed that it could be adapted to no use except that of a museum, the only habitable portion of the building being the two small rooms assigned to the janitor. For a number of years, however, the City Council has made a point of voting an

annual credit of \$10,000 or \$20,000 for of works of art, and it purchase these, including pictures by Roll, Courts Delacroix, Laurens and Bonnat, which have now found there a final resting place, city of Paris, it may be added, was by no the only expectant legatee who was disappointed by the tenor of the will of the eccentric and imperious old Duchess, who, notwithstanding her Italian title, was of French birth, belonging to the noble family of De Brigole-Sala The Comte de Paris had been led to expect that he would inherit the huge mansion and magnificent garden which she owned in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, that her fortune would go in part to his sons, and her celebrated collection of jewels to his daughters, the Queen of Portugal and Princess Helene. This impression was confirmed by the fact that she permitted the Comte and Comtesse de Paris to inhabit the house until the moment of their exile. And it was there that took place the memorable ball in honor of the betrothal of Princess Marie Amelie to the then Crown Prince of Portugal, which developed into a political manifestation against the Government and led to the banishment of the Comte. So angry was the Duchess with the Pretender for having used her house for what she considered as a manifestation against the Republic that she revoked her will and left both her fortune and her jewels to the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, whose character she greatly admired, while the mansion itself and the garden were bequeathed to the Emperor of Austria for use as an embassy.

The castle of Monte Cristo is for sale once more. It is a creation of Alexandre Dumas the elder, and stands a little above the road leading from St. Germain to Portmarly, commanding view of the winding Seine with a faint outline of Paris itself in the distance. It was constructed by Italian masons and builders, while one part was specially arranged by Arabian and Moorish experts after the manner of the Alhambra. There was also a miniature Chateau d'It in the grounds, and the whole property was called after the work of fiction by which Dumas gained most of his glory and his gold. Long before his death the great novelist grew tired of his architectural toy and sold it, and since then it has been held by various occupants, Some of the articles of furniture most prized by Dumas are still in the house, and it is hoped that some wealthy admirer of Dumas's novels will be found to purchase it and to keep up a place which recalls one of the most fascinating romances of the age. Talking of Dumas, what a thrilling story he

would have evolved out of the strange affair known as the "succession Dubois," which has once more been brought before the notice of the public by legal proceedings fust terminated in Holland and France. The history of the affair begins in 1704 on the alleged death of one Jacques Dubois, a Frenchman settled in Batavia, who was supposed to have left a fortune estimated at \$4,000,000. This money was to be held, according to the terms of his will, by the Dutch India Company for a period of ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which it was to be turned over to the lawful heirs of the testator, the company having meanwhile enjoyed the use not only of the money, but also of the interest, On this story becoming known, there was a veritable procession of alleged heirs before the Dutch courts until 1886 the Government of the Netherlands issued an official notice to the effect that no such person as Jacques Dubols ever existed, and that the history of the great Batavian bequest was a mere myth. This, however, did not cause any diminution in the number of dupes who were put forward by able rogues as fictitious descendants of the Franco-Batavian millionaire, and ever since 1887 the French and Dutch courts have been engaged in sending to prison scoundrels who had swindled credulous people out of their money in connection with the imaginary Dubois estate. The latest instance of this kind, and the one which has brought the affair Dubois into court once more, is a series of frauds perpetrated by a ruined gambler of ancient lineage and bearing the perfectly authentic title of Baron de Castillon, who has just been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for his crime.

A SHIPY ARD ON A HILL.

From The Lewiston Journal.

THEY HAD TO PART ON THE SIDE.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Winona. Minn., Nov. 30.—Considerable of a stir was experienced in the State Normal School in this city on Tuesday. By a preconcerted arrangement a large number of the lady students came to school with their hair done up on top of their heads in oid-fashioned style. Some of the young men got wind of what the girls were to do, and, in a spirit of mischief, nearly all the boys parted their hair in the middle before entering the assembly room. The unusual appearance of both sexes caused some laughter, and members of the faculty present, fearing that discipline would be destroyed, sent the young men to the president's office, where they were given the choice of leaving the school or parting their hair on the sides 43 usual. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CURED OF HIS DEMOCRATIC POLITICS.

Twas down in Kentucky not long ago," said the drummer, "and I met an old man one day in the store where I had just sold a bill of goods, and got to taiking to him.

"You look a good deal like my boy," he said, after quite a chal.

"Yes, said I. "He must be quite good-looking."
"Purty peart boy, said he.
"How old is he?"
"Thirty-nine, goin" on forty; and used to be

A rounded spoonful of Cleveland's baking powder does better work

than a heaping spoonful of others.



Cleveland's Baking Powder was shown to be the strongest pure cream of tartar

powder.-Latest U. S. Govt. Report.